III. The Rise of Nimrod: Tamer of the Beasts

The world was still wounded.

Smoke still rose from the valleys of the Flood.

The air tasted of ash and memory.

But among the new cavemen

was Nimrod,

son of Cush,

grandson of Ham,

whose heart burned for dominion.

his anger was heavy against the Lord

he wanted heaven now

on his own terms

so Ham’s family had a feast within the cave

but the laughter around the fire,

was evil

They feasted upon the meat of the strong beasts

their cave thick with smoke and hunger.

Their tables dripped with blood and grease

they were like wolves

rejoicing after a hunt

then Canaan

The leader of Corruption

poured blood over Nimrod’s brow,

saying,

“Rise, son of the storm.”

And the air grew heavy

with voices unseen—

the echo of rebellion itself.

Thus the Anointing of Blood began

a ritual of pride, not spirit,

a feast among demons

that called themselves divine.

so Nimrod walked among the shattered mountains

and found the sleeping titans

beasts whose breath

once shook the earth,

the titans of the old creation.

Their scales were dull now,

their roars dimmed by fire,

but their rage remained.

Nimrod whispered to them

the language of rebellion.

He tamed the great lizard of the plain,

He branded him with fire

and called them his chariot.

And the sons of men

watched him ride

the dragon of the dust,

and they bowed in fear.

Nimrod

The Tyrant of Destruction

then the Lord had enough

Nimrod met

the death of the King beast

He called it

Ashurak,

“The last of the thunder-lizards,

with eyes like molten bronze

and a roar

that shook valleys into dust.

Nimrod rode upon its back

across the plains of Shinar.

He believed no one could touch him again.

But the earth groaned.

The Lord’s anger grew hot with Cain

so the ground split beneath the creature’s steps.

The earth vomited fire across the lands

Smoke burped from the mountains,

and the air turned to stone.

The heavens exhaled frost.

Ashurak stumbled,

its bones cracking

under the weight of fire and ice.

The beast fell

not by sword,

but by the will of the Lord himself

the command in thunder and silence.

Nimrod yelled.

He hated the dust

where his beast had fallen.

And from that dust

he sought revenge

he took bricks,

saying,

“If heaven destroys,

then I shall build one of my own.”

Thus the spirit of Cain was reborn

he began the Tower within his tribe

Every stone was laid in vengeance,

every level built

upon the hatred of obedience.

And so began

the birth

of Babylon